

A briefe dif-
course of the lyfe

and death of the late right
high and honorable Sir VVilliam
Pawlet Knight, Lord Seint John,
Earle of Walsyre, Marques of Win-
chester, Knight of the honorable
order of the Garter, one of the
Queenes Maiesties priuie Councel,
and Lorde highe Treasurer
of Englande.

Which deceased the tenth day
of Marche. ANNO. 1571. And
was buried at Basing the 28.
day of Aprill.

ANNO. M. D. LXXI.

Printed at London,
by Richarde Iolanes.

Anno. 1572.



3 H a
14

To the Reader.

IT is not vnknowen
(Gentle Reader)
what diuers and sū-
drie commodities the
diligēt perusing, ser-
ching, and reading of Histories,
(I meane, the life and death of
those that before vs, good or ill,
haue ben written off) bring to ef-
fecte, in those that eyther in the
good reioyce (as of God) or seeing
the euill abhor it, as of Sathan.
As some reading of the vnsati-
able greedie aspiring myndes of
immodest persons, moste loose &
desolute in lyfe, vsing in autho-
ritie tyrannie, highest in Princes
opinions, moste obstinate in Re-
bellion, yea in their highest pomp
and pryde, seeing them by the
leaste winks of the ryghteous
Judge, come to ruinous, lamet-
table

To the Reader.

table and extreame myserie, ab-
horing the same, forecast wyth
themselves the lyke extreame-
ties: So agayne, others careful-
ly noting the honest, good, and
godly lyfe, of learned, wise, and
graue men, in mynde meeke, in
heart merciful, in office clement,
the more noble the more gen-
tle, the more in authoritie the
more obedient, seeing howe they
by the vnspeakable goodnessse of
God are preserued and vpholden
against their enimies, persuade
them selues also to imitate the
lyke. Yet some to the contrarie
will happily sayz, Histories are
fables, many of small authoritie,
therefore doutfull, and some ver-
ie strange, and so far hence done,
that scarce credible. Therefore
(good Reader) I haue pende for
thee a little piece of the blessings

To the Reader.

of God to a ~~N~~oble man, no stra-
ger, but a neyghboure, a mo~~st~~
saythful, trustie and true subiect,
that thou reading the same maist
imitate the lyke obedience too
thy Prince, the like regarde to
thy Countrie, and the lyke re-
uenge to thy ennemie, that God
maye blesse thee in thy vocation.
This in parte discharging my
duetie towardes my Lorde, and
remembering hym whome a
numbre shal misse, I wish
thee health and happy-
nesse to Gods
pleasure.

Thy friende, Rovvlande
Broughton Gentleman.

The Author to carpers.

Thou carping carle, thou thou that
glad wouldest catche
A fawt, wheron to fret thy soming fangs,
Thou Momus thou, thou mayst go peak
a patche,
And Zoylus too soz al thy pating pangs :
He lies by fame, whome thou woul-
dest gladly bite,
And shal soz ay maugre thy cursed spite:
And if so be my iust report thou blame,
Truth is my shielde, and thyne shall be
the shame.



Swythen Thorpe in

praye of the Author.

The force of death eache simple creature knowves,

Sage Cato gone, graue Tullie buried lies,
In vayne alas, O England, are thy vvoes,
For *Paulers* death, cease of thy carefull
cryes

Though death by fate his aged corps haue
slayne,

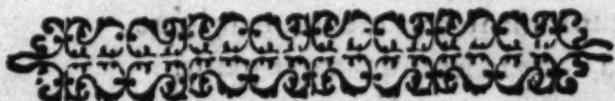
In spite of death he liuing still shal rayne.

His vworthies such, O happy he the vwhile
But by vwhat meanes heare *Broughton* he
dothe tell:

My Muse too base, too sléder is my stile,
In tearmes more apte he shevves it pas-
sing vwell.

Thanke him therfore, for tháks he ought
to haue,

VWho makes men lyue vwhen they lye
dead in graue.



am & obitum Clarissimi

Vix. D.W.

Literis tinctus, teneris ab annis
Dedidit sese studio Britanni
Iuris, & tandem fuit ad beatos
Vectus honores.

Stemma si species, genus atque stirpes,
Sive maiores, atque osque claros,
Ex domo exiuit celebri, locaque
Octus equestris.

Iste compleuit grauidatus annis
Lustra viginti: repetes & Vnum
Atque sex annos ferè, si notaris

Tempora recte.

Qui pie viuit, sequitur senectus.
Ionga, nec tristis: neque talis aetas,
Integris usquam videatur acris
Sive molesta.

Plurimos annos liceat videre:
Qui pie viuit, liceatque prole
Plurimam. stirpem numerare longo
Ordine natam.

Ad bonum summum vehit alma virtus,
Gloriam, famam decus, honorum
Lenitas semper patit atque prudens

A quo terum.

Funus effertur lachrymis coortis,
Corpus in terra gremio quiescit,
Suquiter dorum, Deus ipse donec

Suscitet ossa.

Attamen coeli spatio la tecta
Occupat mens, pars melior, magisque
Pura, congaudet, simul atque gestit,
Viscere Diuos.

A B R I E F E D I S C O V R S E O F T H E
lyfe and death of the late Lord
Marques of Winchester, Lord bis
Treasourer of England. &c.



S season serue, so men applie
to frame their fates aright :
As day doth serue for exercise,
so rest bel onges to night.

The Sommers sweate in tyme bollowed,
the Winter frost defendes :
And Winter doth soz Sommers toyle,
with restyng make amedes.

That fertyll Sommers sweat by care,
right fruitfull doth extende :
That same the barrayne Winter doth
geue tyme to walle and spende.

Then Lent, as all tymes els I wylle,
to fast and pray men hie :
To purge their leperus consciences,
and Hathan to deafe.

To graunt and with the Prophet sing,
that all flesh is but grasse :
And euery tree is rightly knolwen,
by the fruite from him doth passe.

B. i.

22

As I therwelse of Marche, last yea,
these places did unsould:
Loe, in my Closet where I late,
came in a myghtie coulde.

That troubled all my sp̄ites weake
and did their vse bereave:
My light, my boyce, my memorie,
all in a maze toke leave.

ALECTO & MEGERA sell,
o2 & MEDVSA shēe:
O2 other suchē from furious place,
mē thought appērd to me.

But that of mylder speche farre muc̄e,
this whyle I mazed staid:
Mē thought he opened wide his mouth,
and this to me he said.

Canst thou (quoth he) w̄ clownish cluche
bēnumbde, forȝet thy pen?
Wilt thou vnyll so idle state,
transforȝe thy fingers ten?

What hath he w̄itched late thy powers,
whiche thou wast wont to vse?
O2 where is now becom the fruite,
of thy acquainted Puze?

Helpe

Helpe now in dñe dñe dñe
to wayle a wofull case :
His want I meane, whome all y heauen,
allotted to the place.

if so that thou IGNARVS be,
of that whiche is befall :
As rudely as I can er preesse,
beholde thou shalt know all.

And whilste he drest hym selfe to speake,
no sound he could arsse :
But all maugre his hart, he made
two Cundits of his eyes.

And in a ruesfull sorte, he sayes,
my Loerde, my Maitre deare :
Is sommoned before the Throane
of myghtie IOVE t'appeare.

And as he lyuyng Kyll increast,
By myghtie IOVE his bownt :
So now to IOVE agayne he is
to render his account.

Whom ? o2 who ? o2 whence he is ?
and of his pzyme dissent :
Because all dumbe amaze thou sittis,
to tell I am content.

B. g.

Aboufe

Aboute the tyme, from Christes birth,
one thousand . iiii. hundreth sixtie & syue:
The fiftie of EDVVARD eke the fourthe,
that tyme in England kyng alyue.

At Fisherton, hight DALAMER,
this Subiect true was borne:
Of worthy Parentes, as the stocke,
had long syme ben beforne.

And at his byrth, the golden Gifte,
that myghtie IOVE could yeld:
Discended from the Heauens aboue,
his person for to shielde.

And downe vpon their fleted knæs,
the vertues all do bende:
With eleuated eyes and hart,
their prayers they extende.

To hym that habt the power of all,
from whence commes that we haue:
That he their humble hentes wold graunte
and ihus they gan to craue.

Thon myghty God that guidest the Globe,
With Scepter in thy hande:
That makest a forstole of the earth
by whom all thoughtes are scande.

Euen

Euen thou that doest the Charlot guyde,
that ronnes the wrold alone :
Thou, thou, that doest uphold the rytte,
and doest defende the wronng.

Grant that we may in eche respect,
our pouers so appiste :
Within this soule, that long he lyare,
and syll may worshyp thee.

Grant that he may, a member make,
anred with some myght :
To beare a subiect trustie place,
in furtheryng syll the rytte.

To whom the myghtie Monarche he,
that all the wrold did frame :
Said, this was done before his birth,
and PAVVLET was his name.

And you that are my blesyngs to,
I geue you charge to see :
Unto the soule, that by the fruite,
the wrold may judge the tre.

Then straignt in spight of all that could
sowle Sathan wetl devise :
Gods blesyngs syll ered hym,
to honour highe corise.

W. ly. When

When Ignorance with wilful minde,
his vertue would disgrace:
 Nay, nay, quoth Prudence, pack thou hence
that lodgynge is my place.

When lothsom lurkyng treason sought,
a harbor in his hart:
 Nay, nay quoth due obedience then,
that parcell is my parte.

And when VVLCANVS he that frames,
the Thunder Bowts of syre:
 Came to infecte his modest mynde,
With rashereuenging yre.

Forgetfullnes supplied the roome,
as this my selfe can shew:
 Besids a number of the leke,
that many mo do know.

Mysused much in such a caie,
as fewe haue heard the lyke:
 When proue was made to others shame,
reuendgment this dyd seeke.

A needfull cause the accuser sorte,
his frindship to require:
 He graunted straight to his request,
and more then his desire.

My Lorde quoth one, I muse to se,
you entreat your enemies so :
It mée sufficeth my frende quoth he
he hath the ouerthow .

Dwothy mynde, that never lodg'd
reuendgement in his brest :
For in a wrathfull radge dyd let,
the same to go to rest .

PAVLET quoth ha, Within one man,
IOVE could no more contrive :
For his uprighteous dealyng, I
thought (Pawl yet) stll alyue .

But what of these, as many lyke,
that would hym wytng and wrell ?
Judges of the fruite, what was the tre,
whiche God no doubt hath blest .

And now to thée that haste no power
to speake, as semes to me :
Euen EX EPHEBIS surs thou hast
hise education se,

From Heale to Thanes Inne he came,
where so he plied his tyme :
That shortly to the Temple thence,
his forwarde youth dyd clyme .

W. sy.

Where

Where he applied himselfe so well,
Inclind to learned skyll :
Lyll bter Barrester he was,
he there continued skyll.

And in Kyng Henrie his tyme, the seventh
In worship did increace :
Beloued of his Prince he was,
made Justice of the peace.

And then bighe Shirife of the Shire,
Within the Countie of South :
And in Commissions for the Kyng,
commaunded by his mouth.

And when that sapient Shire was dead,
Whose widdome rulde the Realme :
And left behinde that baltant Kyng,
and most victorous Gemme.

Henrie the eight, whose thunderyng voyce,
all Christendome dyd dreade :
Who feared not the forrayne power,
Gods Churche in trueth to lead.

Who tumbled downe Idolatries,
and Pope ne Cardinall dyd
Esteeme, that varied from the trueth,
but their Decrees so byd.

By

By hym dyd PAVVLET worshyp grange,
as thou shalt brefely heere :
Euen as it pleased God to blesse,
so shall I tutch it neare.

First was he Mayster of the Woods,
and next was Maister than :
Of Wardes, and of the Lyueries,
Styll thought a worthy man.

And then his worship to increase,
the Kyng dyd make him Knight,
And then Contoller of his House,
whiche saene so fit a wight.

He made was Treasourer of the House,
where so he likte the kyng :
That straight his highnes thought it good,
to Honour hym to kyng.

And of his prayn Counsell dyd,
Sir William Pawlet make :
Then Baron S. John PAVLO POST,
he dyd hym eake create.

And after that Embassadour
he sent was into Fraunce :
Where he behaued hym selfe so well,
and had suche happy chaunce.

B. v.

Chas

What so the kyng his widsome wayde,
and lykete his noble mynde:
He made him of the Garter Knight,
as in record he synde.

Whose great regarde for countryes cause,
and safety of the Prince:
Whose pliante hart so redy bent,
y^ell order to conuince.

What kyng offantous memorie,
to hym had such regarde:
As to the lyke so deutifull,
he highly gaue rewarde.

He made hym then Lorde Chamberlayne,
where so he serued the place:
That Lorde great master was he made,
within a lyttle space.

Then of the noble and poletesque,
the wise and graus consent:
Of all the worthy counsell he,
was made Lorde President.

The kyng of liberalitie,
hit lyked well his grace:
To geue to hym a Royalty,
of Forest, Barck and Chase.

For Justice of an Eyre he was,
whereby the graunt is ment:
On Chasses Parks and Forests all,
on the hether side of Trent.

Thus dyd this noble subject lye,
in just obedience due:
And whoso euer lye'd amisse,
yet he was pronounced true.

And from the fyre unto the last,
of all his worthy raygne
Whose noble Graces losse attack,
full long we dyo complayne.

Styll PAVVLET vnder law, in loue
in Princes fauour stayde:
which proued well at last when tyme
that ATHRAPOS denayde.

Aye longer tyme her hatefull hand,
from sharped sheres to saue:
In clypping of the lyne of lyfe,
that brougthe the kyng to graue.

Of his last wyl and Testament,
for that he had found hym lyke
He made hym one Executor,
of that his latefull frus.

If this suffiseth not thy mynde,
thereto to bende thy stye:
More of the hauie hono^r shall,
I tell thee in a while.

That well the wro^{ld}e, may safely judge
as tyme and trueth did hie:
Right by his vertuous noble frus^ter,
What sap was in the tree.

That p^{er}relesse Pearle, right excellent,
that mosse triumphant kyng :
His Funeralles solemnized,
and finisht every theng.

By right d^{yn}est, succeeded than,
that yonge and actiue Prince:
By whom the christiani Churche of God,
increase his hightly sence.

EDVVARDE the s^rte of chyualrie,
in his yea^res, none the l^{te}ke :
And surely in Duyntie,
he was not so^r to sake.

Whose holsome, god and godly lawes
revised, flourys^h yet :
With whom was Baron S. John thought
a Counsello^r most fit,
Then

Then dyd that Sapient Christen kyng
Baron saint Johns honour haunes ;
To the Earldom straight of Wilshire did
his Highnesse hym aduance.

And Marques eake of Winchester,
the kyng dyd hym creat :
Lorde keeper of the priuie Seale,
he made hym after that.

And of the great Seale was he made ;
Lorde keeper eake lyke wise :
And thus in hantie honor dyd,
this subiect true arise.

And of the counsell was he made,
Lorde President agayne :
Thus iustie Subiectes honour wyn,
that iustly deale and playne .

High Treasurer of Englande too
that Office he hym gane :
Who serued the turne for Coutreyes wele,
and kept it to his Graue.

For in Daene Markes tyme he was,
accounted as before :
And had the Office lastly namde,
and some kynde honour more.

Fox

For Lord Lieutenant was he made,
of divers sundrie Shires :
And speciallie of London here,
amongst the noble Peeres.

And syll upzightly dyd he deale,
no blot abyde might he :
Whose noble fruite dyd well approue,
what sap was in the tree.

And lastlie in the noble reigne,
of our mosse gracious Queene :
Whom God preserue in blessed dayes,
tyll Nestors yeares be seene.

To lyue, and long to raygne in peace,
Gods glorie to aduaunce :
That by her light, the Gospell may,
take place in Spayne and Fraunce :

As doubtlesse, by the hande of God,
in spite of Christes Foes :
Her Grace hath well mayntaynde the right
withouten dealyng bloses .

Within her raigne (O learned Prince)
was PAVVLET by her dæde :
Thought fit to be a Counselloz ,
in case of doubt and nede .

And

And by her G^races bountie had
the Office as before :
Wherin he died in honour great ,
and many a thyng yet more .

What warres were there within his time ,
where he or his were nat ?
Few or none I assured am ,
but he or his were at .

As he a Subject dutifull ,
fve Kynges and Quenes dyd serue ,
And never from the first to last ,
from trueth was founnd to swerue .

So hath he chldernes chlderne left ,
who so to dretie bende :
What lyfe and lyning glad would lose ,
their Prince for to defende .

That he was blessed many wayes
apparant may be seene :
For by the fruite , what was the tre ,
a man may easelie deeme .

The blessed chldernes chlderne se ,
the Prophet doth relate :
And he , his chldernes chlderne chlderne ,
saw groven to mans estate .

D^ru

One worthy thyng, there is to note,
in charge, the whiche he gane :
When his and childe[n]es childe[r]ne came,
his blesyng soz to craue.

God blesse you all, this was his phaze,
to those that kneled downe ;
I charge ye on my blesyng, bee
obedient to the Crowne.

For that the Kyng elected is,
and of the Lord appointed :
And cursed is the man (no doubt)
that frownes at his anointed.

O ghastlie chardge, O godly man,
that youth doth educate :
In due obedience to their Prince,
to lyue in their estate.

Well, from this vale of myserie,
the lord hath tane him quight :
In better place (I hope) to rest
within his mercies sight.

AN. a. thousande. sixt. hundereth, sixtie five,
he was borne on Whitson nigh[t]:
And lyued a. C. lire, thre quarter and od,
by Computacion right.

AN.

AN. a thousand, five hundereth, sente oug
the tenth of Marche last past:
Be haved as a Candell doth,
When waken all is past.

In perfect state of memo:se,
be cauld to God on his:
For mercie by his onely sonne,
and in this sayn dyd die.

Whose lyfe, whose death encoradge may
his issue to perseuer:
To treade the steppes that he hath done,
in Fame to lyue for euer.

Heare have I nowe discoursse to thē,
some of my Maisters lyfe:
But not the thyrde of that I could,
sozyme doth byd, be b̄iese.

If this sufficeth not thy mynde,
I thinke thou haue no wyll:
Or els fowle CERCES hath bewitched
thee of thy former skyll.

Elis (doubtlesse) much unworthy art,
that clothyng for to weare:
And as a Heruaunt to the Stocke,
the countenance to bear.

gall pynnes it surely by thy stouthe,
thy dutie thou doest frame:
For lyuyng not for loue beleke,
thou bearest a Hernantes name.

Wherwith the tuch of that in dæde,
the whiche in me was not:
I buckled to my ans were straights,
and all my Mutes forgot.

I said: there is no cause, so why,
you ought to blame me so.
For no man can repose the truelth,
of that he doth not know.

Unknowne it was his death to me,
but of his honours state:
He liueth not with pen I thynke
that it can all relate.

And then for me amongst the rest,
a bovis to the thing:
By my vnskilfull dealyng may,
discredit much the thyng.

To finer heads whose syled bres,
in hauy style abounde:
Belongeth this so famous facte,
his honour so to sounde.

Where

Where floweth the sweet distilling drops,
of fresh MINERVAS power!
To those that on Mounte HELICON,
hauē bathde in siluer shower.

For TMOLOS wyll geue judgement sure
thouḡ MIDAS yet may bē:
By iudgement base my wylling friend,
yet TMOLOS will not gree.

By Hermonye much lyke to PAN,
the countrye tourne may ease:
But fine APOLLOS musickē must,
the learned people please.

Petith by wyll I do desire,
the world his lyfe myght know,
That subiects to their Princes myght,
the more obedience owe.

And that agayne by dueſſe bounde,
I am no leſſe to indyke:
To leaue his gloriy to the world,
some EPITATHES to write:

And knowing ſtright requisite,
the common people myght:
In that they reade as touching hym,
in knowledge haue ſome right.

92

I am content to bende my pens,
In rurall ryme to paynte:
The tale that thou haste tolde to me,
And of thy hevy plagnt.

And wyll dense in Hermonie,
Contention for to make:
I but the playne songe, no whistels,
To pricke do vndertake.

To set in partes, the learned must,
That Arte can rightly vse:
And let them descant who so list,
That my god wyll refuse.

Thou toldest me of his vertuous lyfe,
A tale both long and wise:
And how that God preserved hym,
In many a enterprise.

How syll by friendship he dyd sake,
His foes his friends to make:
And their redoubled shames cam on,
As they dyd bzew to bake.

A wise and worthy learned man,
When England stod at bay:
For Ciuell wales or brutishe syll,
Went with the thynge away.

Welsh

What worthy who, lyke meretyng
a right memoral :
Without offence, within the worldes
sewe to the funerall.

So sounde, so perfect, and so true,
vnto his countrey Crowne :
So lust in every office sounde,
deservyng sucher renowne.

More redier suters to dispatche,
more voyde of bretbyng gaynes :
Despysing Ambodarters name,
and speakyng that was playne.

Denyng to deferre a sute,
and causes to prolonge :
More redier to assit the ryghte
and to supprese a wronge.

O blest of God, whose sacred soule,
the heauens (no doubt) hath pearst
Unto thy yeares, in thy estate,
full se we haue liued earth.

But such is God to those that haue,
his feare before their eyes :
He giveth long lyfe and happy dayes,
and that none can deuise.

Wtho

Who the helpe men in Charden faire,
Whom death could not torment :
But as a shadow wadeth, so
The soule of Pawlet went.

¶ Yll then in perfect memoire,
The pouerbe hitched true :
Who lyues well, dyes well, saith the sage,
For eche shal haue his due.

¶ Whose soule, I hope with Abrahame to
Quylle free from all annoye :
With the father, the sonne, the holy Ghost,
In perfect state in joye.

To whiche god place, god sende vs all,
In honour of the best :
To sing a song of glorie, with
The free elect of Christ.

An Epitaph.

¶ Ryme Bernes to blisse, a Lord of wealth and wiue,
A Counte eke of great account, for paule weale most fayre,
¶ Marques of muche myght, of gentle manly race,
A riche and happy sagged syre, a man that stode in grace,
With kings, and to the crowne a subiect loyall true,
¶ Muche changde at last his happy lyfe, and found a better bourn.

FINIS.

Epitaphium D. Guilhelmi Paulei militi
Baronii domi Johannis Comitis Ulsteri
Marchionis Wintonie, ac unius ab arcans regis
magistratis, ac domini supremi thesaurarii
Angliae, huius illustrissimi ordinis Garteri,
qui est in decimo die Martij. anno Regis
Elizab. et decimo quarto. annoq; Dom. 1571.

1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
1571
<

Et deinde in lucem proponit, quo fit invenire
discipulis tribus numeris matrem suam.
Eduardus quatuor cum laetitia et gaudio
visceribus maritis sole multo ridenter.
Sed mihi cunctis ueritatis solaciis ueris.
cum fera mortis armis subiret mentem suam.
Nec ruga, ne marcescens teatrum sua facit.
agnosculus velut prebeat offertus uocis.
Ex summis comites generosus fuit
terros, qui passim gloria periret.
Marcello Utinomus, sartato
Gualtheriusq; Paulus burdum suum.

¶ In codice.

MArchio ter magni
qui patrem puerum uenit et uocat
Successe prosper uerbi dilectorum
Autrum locuples mentis et uerbi
Genuit regnum ei Christum uenit et uocat
Confundit eum, ut uocat uenit et uocat
Hoc regnum, primum uenit et uocat
FINIS.

